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WORLD'S CONGRESSES IN AMERICA.

It has been proposed that a series of World's Congresses be held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, and the World's Congress Auxiliary has been duly authorized and organized, to promote the holding and success of such congresses.

Among the themes which the congresses are expected to consider, are the following:

I. The grounds of fraternal union in the language, literature, domestic life, religion, science, art and civil institutions of different peoples.

II. The economic, industrial and financial problems of the age.

III. Educational systems, their advantages and their defects; and the means by which they may best be adapted to the recent enormous increase in all departments of knowledge.

IV. The practicability of a common language, for use in the commercial relations of the civilized world.

V. International copyright, and the laws of intellectual property and commerce.

VI. Immigration and naturalization laws, and the proper international privileges of alien governments, and their subjects or citizens.

VII. The most efficient and advisable means of preventing or decreasing pauperism, insanity and crime; and of increasing productive ability, prosperity and virtue throughout the world.

VIII. International law as a bond of union, and a means of mutual protection; and how it may best be enlarged, perfected and authoritatively expressed.

IX. *The establishment of the principles of judicial justice, as the supreme law of international relations; and the general substitution of arbitration for war, in the settlement of international controversies.*

It is impossible to estimate the advantages that would result from the mere establishment of personal acquaintance and friendly relations among the leaders of the intellectual and moral world, who now, for the most part, know each other only through the interchange of publications, and perhaps, the formalities of correspondence.

And what is transcendently more important, such congresses, convened under circumstances so auspicious, would doubtless surpass all previous efforts to bring about a real fraternity of nations, and unite the enlightened people of the whole earth in a general co-operation for the attainment of the great ends for which human society is organized.

The officers are: Charles C. Bonney, President; Thomas B. Bryan, vice-president; Lyman J. Gage, treasurer; Benjamin Butterworth, secretary.—*Peacemaker*.

THE VISION OF CHRIST.

MRS. L. ORMISTON CHANT.

"O Christ, dear Master, if I could but see thee face to face, and feel the reality of thy blessed life," I prayed.

But at that moment my servant came to me with a broken cup, much prized, and now useless; and, after coldly remarking that she ought to have had more care, I bade her go away and not disturb me. So she went away, unhappy and unforgiven.

"O Christ, dear Master, if I could but hear thy blessed tones speaking to me," I prayed yet again. . . .

But a little disturbing voice cried loudly and sadly at my door for a broken doll, and I bade the baby go away and not break in upon my quiet hour.

"O Christ, dear Master, if I could but have a token of thy personal love for me," I prayed yet a third time. . . .

But no voice nor vision came to me, so I rose from my praying, and went about in the house. My servant sang not as usual over her work, nor did she greet me as I passed; and there in a corner, asleep, with the recent tears on the little pale cheek, lay the child and her broken doll, and her first great grief.

And somewhere in my heart a voice spoke out clear, so that I could not choose but hear: "Forever and forever, I, the Christ, am that which asks for love and compassion. These asked for both from thee, and thou gavest not. Thou shouldst have looked for me in them, and they would then have found me in thee. Thou canst not find me until thou art able to lose thyself in love and compassion. If thou wouldst know me, thou must be me."

So I picked up the baby and her broken doll, and spoke words of tender good cheer to my servant, and led them both out into the sweet garden and the afternoon sunshine, to gather flowers and fruit, till by and by the air was full of laughter, and smiles were on all our faces.

Oh, then I knew that behind our smiles was the face of Christ, and in our happy tones his voice!

For Christ is the love that redeems, and the compassion that heals, and the unselfishness that brings joy and makes man happy, even as God is happy.—*The Unitarian. London.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF ITALY.

The coming Peace Congress at Rome imparts special interest to the following letter which we quote from the correspondent of the *Boston Journal*. He omits the underlying evil and chief cause of Italian poverty and misery, viz., bankruptcy and starvation incurred by former wars and the present "armed Peace."

When one visits for the first time this country, where nature has united all her charms and where art has done much to embellish the works of man, one voluntarily abandons oneself to a transport of enthusiasm. What a glorious country, one exclaims. How beautiful! How picturesque! Life must be one perpetual day-dream in this sunny land of poetry and romance, thinks the superficial tourist. The natives seem ever happy, ever free from care. They sing sweet songs as they work in the fields, and they play on the mandoline beneath your window in town on moonlight nights. All is poetry and beauty everywhere. The lovely verses of Virgil that you learnt long years ago come back to your recollection, and, as you look upon the beautiful scenery, you think that this is the best and loveliest land in all the world, after your own. But Italy is deceptive. It is like a stage decoration. Behind the beautiful scenery lies squalor, bare poverty and degradation. Beneath the shady trees is filth, crumbling ruins and dirt. The deep, dark shadows hide unpleasant things from the eye, perhaps; but they are there. The warm, glorious Italian sun casts a golden glamour over everything, but it is only surface deep. "Scratch a Turk and find a Tartar." Look beneath the surface in Italy and all the poetry is gone. Bare poverty stares you in the face. The soil is beautiful but unproductive. It is an undulating, compli-